

Brown Eyed Girl by ObeyDontStray

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Summary:

Before Vietnam, Hop had a brown eyed girl of his own.

Brown Eyed Girl

Author's Note:

A gift for jariksolo1138 on Tumblr :)

July 4th, 1985

The heat was oppressive that day. Sticky, all consuming humidity. Jim patrolled the busy highways all alone, bored out of his mind. He lit another cigarette and when 'Brown Eyed Girl' began playing he reached over to turn the radio up. He smiled around his cigarette, the smoke curling up and around his face in the stuffy air. He could remember when that song first started playing on the radio, the summer of '67 when he had a brown eyed girl of his own. He used to sing that song to her and she'd turn red every time under his attention.

He noticed when Jonathan, with Will in the passenger seat, sped past him in the direction of the Wheeler's. He threw a hand up to wave back at Will and formulated a quick plan. He hadn't seen Joyce in a while. He fumbled in the center console with that mix tape he'd made a while back.

He parked outside the house and before he could open the door she was peering out of her front door at him. He turned the radio up and restarted 'Brown Eyed Girl' before stepping from the truck. "I was nearby and this song came on-" he began explaining himself as she walked onto the porch, barefoot and wearing denim shorts and an oversized faded Led Zeppelin shirt. Like she used to dress back then. His breath hitched and he played it off by leaning against the passenger side of his truck, lighting another cigarette.

"I remember this song." She smiled. "That was one hell of a summer. And that song was on every station." She stepped from the porch and into the grass, joining him in leaning against the truck.

"Wanna go for a ride with me? For old times sake?" He asked, subconsciously angling his body towards hers and bending over her. She plucked the cigarette from between his lips and stole a puff.

"You off work, cowboy?" She asked and he glanced at his watch. "I am." She passed his cigarette back to him and pushed him aside, sliding into the passenger seat of his truck. "Let's go for a ride, then."

She had her bare feet crossed on the dash and he stole glances at her legs as he drove. He noticed a while back her fingernails were never painted anymore, but her toenails were painted a racy shade of red and she wore a dainty braided anklet with a peace symbol. He tried to hide his smile.

"Whatcha smirking about over there?" She asked and he reached for the peace symbol, desperate to touch her in any way.

"Still holding onto the 60's, there?"

"The 60's were good years." She smiled. "Before 'Nam bursted our happy little bubble." He remembered kissing her goodbye for the last time before he loaded up on the bus. Fortune was never his friend. He was one of the first in their tiny town to be drafted.

When 'Black Water' started playing, she reached across the truck to turn it up. "You gotta sing with me. I know you love this song too." His smile met hers and he settled back into his seat, pulling into the McDonalds drive-through. She protested when he turned the song down long enough to order them drinks.

"Last time we listened to this song we went skinny dipping." She observed as he pulled to the window. He paid and passed her drink to her before responding.

"I mean we can, if you want to. For old time's sake. I'm not so skinny anymore-

"I'm a mother of two, Hop. My skinny dipping days are over."

"I wouldn't complain." He said, shooting her a smoldering gaze before pulling onto the empty highway. Her face turned beet red and he smiled triumphantly before taking a swig of his sweet tea. "I do live on the lake. And no one ever comes around-

"I'm not going skinny dipping with you, James Keith Hopper."

"I'm just teasing you, Joyce Lee Byers!" He retorted, though they both knew he wasn't.

She settled back into her seat, stretching her long legs and began singing along to 'Rhiannon'. Jim rolled down all the windows in the truck, blowing her hair about. He thought about pulling over and pulling the Zeppelin shirt off of her, but he swore to be on his best behavior. Besides, this isn't the 60's anymore. She probably wouldn't want him anyway.

She shot him a dirty look when he pulled into his own driveway. "On my best behavior, scout's honor." He said, holding up two fingers.

"Wrong fingers." She observed and he grinned wickedly. "Exactly."

He stepped from the truck and turned the radio up, retrieving a blanket from the backseat. He spread it on the sandy bank and took a seat. The sun was beginning to dip in the sky already. She sunk to the blanket beside him.

"It really is pretty out here." She said, leaning into his side.

"Yeah." He said, looking at her as she watched the sun. "If we hang out long enough, they shoot fireworks on the other side of the lake. They're really pretty." He said, looking out across the vast body of water. Behind him, 'Beast of Burden' began playing over the truck radio. He tapped his foot in time with the song, one of his favorites, as his fingertips skimmed her arm.

"I'll never be your beast of burden. My back is broad but it's a hurting. All I want is for you to make love to me—" He sang, stopping suddenly when she stood and grabbed the bottom hem of her shirt, pulling it over her head and confirming his suspicions that she wasn't wearing anything underneath.

"You gonna sit there with your mouth open, or you gonna join me?" She asked, unbuttoning her jean shorts, pushing them and her panties

down her legs.

Before he could respond she stepped into the water, swimming out beneath the water and away the shore. The song asked 'am I hard enough?' and he felt he could answer that with solidarity as he watched her naked form sink into the cool water. He was out of his uniform in record time and diving into the water behind her.

"Come on baby, make sweet love to me." She sang as he swam to her. His kiss was urgent as he pulled her to him.

"I thought you'd never ask, pretty girl." He mumbled against her mouth as she wrapped her legs around his waist. He found his footing and they both gasped when he slid into her. "I had no idea the Stones made you this hot and bothered." He said as he began a gentle rhythm with her kissing the side of his jaw. "Pretty, pretty, pretty girl." He sang with the song as he held her tight, rocking into her matching the beat of the song. He licked the cool water from her collarbones, gripping her tightly.

"You gotta hang on baby, don't come yet." He encouraged, kissing her shoulder when her breaths became ragged. "The fireworks are coming, hang on."

"This is all the fireworks I need." She moaned, reaching a hand between their bodies. They heard the first shot and he moved faster.

"Actual fireworks, just for us." He growled against her skin as a flash of green exploded in the sky.

"This-" she moaned as her hand moved frantically between them "is so over the top."

"And I didn't even plan this." He huffed as he pulled away from her. He turned her towards the light show and slid into her again from behind. A skilled hand reached around to pleasure her as he moved. "God damn, Joyce." He growled at the new contact.

'Piece of My Heart' played from the truck as they moved together in the water. He growled obscenities in her ear, her wet hair sticking to his chest as his free hand grasped at her chest.

She came first, panting as blue light streaked the sky. "Fuck. Baby." He buried his face in her shoulder as he rode out his own pleasure. "Jesus Christ."

Both spent, they made their way to shore and collapsed, soaking wet, on the blanket on the sand.

"I should play that Stones song more often." He laughed, breathless as the fireworks bathed their naked bodies in light.

"You should." She laughed. "Though next time I think we should give that new song 'Feel Like Making Love' a try."

Author's Note:

The songs used are

Brown Eyed Girl - Van Morrison

Black Water - The Doobie Brothers

Rhiannon - Fleetwood Mac

Beast of Burden - The Rolling Stones

Piece of My Heart - Janis Joplin

Feel Like Making Love - Bad Company (a pretty new song for them)